

The Tragedy of Hamlet

O God Horatio ! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnkowne, shall I leue behind me?
If thou did st cuer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this basla world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my story : what warlike noise is this?

A marcha
farre off.

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young Fortinbrasse with conquest come from Poland,
Th th'embassadours of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O i die Horatio,

The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On Fortinbrasse, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occuments more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
And flight of Angels singe thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drumme come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hora. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fortin. This quarry cties on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embas. The sight is disinall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilled,
That Rosencraus and Guyldenstirne are dead,
Where should wee haue our thankes?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you
He never gaue commandement for their death,
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

You from the Pollock warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let mee speake, to th'yet vnkowning worlde
How these things came about ; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
False on the inuenters heads : all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will draw no more,
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royll ; and for his passage,
The souldiers musique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him :
Take vp the bodies, such a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shewes much straunge.
Goe bid the souldiers shoote.

EXEUNT.

FINIS.

O 2

